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THE PIERREPONT DIAMONDS

On one of the dark and narrow streets in the French quarters of New Orleans, rising tall and grim from the banquette, is the Pierrepont mansion. Balconies of exquisite hand-wrought iron hang from the upper stories, but the yellow stucco is falling from the walls of the house, and time and decay have laid their insidious hands upon it.

It is a strange, dreary-looking house; no vines ever trail over the balconies, no childish face ever peeps from the jealously barred windows. The heavy street door, with its beautiful iron scrolls and arabesques sunken deep into the wood, rarely opens save to the priest or some sister from the neighboring convent of Our Lady of Succor.

No one lives in the big, rambling mansion, with its score of rooms, but old Mme. Pierrepont and her servant, Babbette, and as for them——

"Ma foi," exclaimed my garrulous little creole lady, "they would be no more amusing if they were dead. No visitors, no fetes, no anything. It is just sitting waiting, waiting, day after day, and for what?"

She finished the sentence with a shrug and a comprehensive gesture that took in every human possibility.

It was quite by accident I was enabled to show Mme. Pierrepont some little courtesy, and after that I penetrated easily enough into the dim old house that was always a standing challenge to my curiosity.

Many an evening of the long, sweet spring days I have sat on the balcony with the gentle, little, old creole lady, herself as fragile and delicate as a bit of her old Sevres china, listening unwearidly to her talk of the past, for madame belonged to the regime and life ended for her when her only son fell at Manassas, and the big plantation and the riches that had once been hers were swept away by the war that left her poor and childless.

From the gallery where we oftenest sat we could see the bishop's garden, gay with flowers, behind the old cathedral, and now and then between the breaks in the lines of the houses the masts of the ships anchored in the river showed sharply silhouetted against the sky.

Here old Babbette would bring madame her glass of eau sucre and we would sit silently together as friends may, or quite naturally, as if there could be nothing so interesting in the world. She would begin speaking of the great sugar plantation on the Teche, where she was born and grew to womanhood and married, that that even after three score years of city life she was homesick for the waving cane-fields and the country.

"Ah," she would say with a sigh, "there was the mansion house with the negro quarters, like a village, my friend, and the little chapel where the priest confessed one, and just beyond, under the live oaks, the little cemetery, with its tombs like so many little marble houses; the 'tomb familie Pierrepont' like it had been for years!"

"Ah, I remember how the roses and jessamine bloomed there and how the wind blew over it. One would not mind dying so if one might only rest there," and madame would cross herself sadly, thinking, perhaps, how soon she must be laid in some quiet city of the dead.

One evening when we had been very quiet for a long time and madame had been speaking more than usual of the past, she suddenly unfastened a diamond brooch from her throat and handed it to me for my inspection.

I had often noticed it before and wondered at its curious setting. Two diamonds of unusual size and brilliancy formed a centre about which smaller stones in loops formed a chain ending in a true lover's knot.

"They are some of the Pierrepont diamonds," she said in answer to my look of inquiry.

Presently she stretched forth her withered old hand and took the brooch, and holding it now so it caught the light and flashed it back in dazzling rays, now so there was only a dull red glow in the diamonds' fiery hearts, she told me their story.

Sometimes she spoke in broken English, sometimes she spoke in French, and once when she spoke of the old plantation life she used the soft, sweet patois of the creole negroes.

Many years ago, she said, when her grandfather brought his beautiful young bride to the great sugar plantation in the Teche, he gave her, among other wedding gifts, a superb set of diamonds, every piece of which bore the same design—twin stones, he and she might fancy, bound together in a true lover's knot.

Ah, but they were happy, those two, on the great rich plantation. Children were born to them, and the bright years, scarce counted, slipped by until, coming suddenly as a storm in summer, death claimed the gay young husband, and the tomb of the "familie Pierrepont" in the little cemetery behind the chapel was unsealed to admit another tenant.

After that time dragged itself along to the wife whose heart was buried in her husband's grave and she lived only in the memory of the time when he and she had been together.

Perhaps her mind became unsettled from too long brooding on one subject; perhaps the angels of the good God sent her comfort so; who knows? But she came to believe that her husband was waiting for her just beyond the gates of death, not old as she had grown, but in the beauty and freshness of eternal youth, and it was her fancy to go to him when she died decked as she had been as a bride. She would touch the white satin of her wedding gown with caressing fingers and hold the diamonds against her withered cheeks.

"Ah, but he will welcome me, mine Alphonse," she would say, with a smile.

Finally, the idea that she had changed in all the years since his death, so that he might not know her save by his gifts, took possession of her and became a terror not to be thrown off. Suppose, after she was dead, they should refuse her this pitiful handful of all the riches she was leaving. What if she should fail to know him and she should miss the husband she had so loved in that strange other world.

The thought haunted her like a tormenting spirit, and almost on the day before she died she took her two sons down to the little chapel and on their knees, before the holy mother of sorrows, made them swear upon the crucifix to fulfill her last wish. So when she was dead they put on her once more the wedding gown, and fastened in her snow-white hair the tiara of flashing diamonds that had gleamed there, when it was black as night. On breast and throat and wrist they put the jewels as she had worn them on her bridal day, and then the coffin lid was screwed down and the "tomb familie Pierrepont" received still another tenant.

There were only a few who knew that a fortune in diamonds was buried in old Mme. Pierrepont's grave, and by and by it was half forgotten. The sons married and drifted into the vortex of city life, returning to the old home for a few weeks during the sugar grinding season, and in course of time the estate passed into the hands of a new generation who knew nothing of the buried jewels, save as a half-believed family legend that the old negroes told them with bated breath.

Madame paused for a long time. The noise of the city floated up to us on the balcony. Somebody was going along the street humming an air from "Norma."

"Among those who knew of the burial of the diamonds in the tomb," she said after awhile, "was the son of an old neighbor on the Teche, named Francois, who, like the Pierreponts, drifted into New Orleans. He had not been fortunate. He had seen his plantation, acre by acre, pass into the hands of the commission agent, until at last there was nothing left, and he came to the city to seek his living, poor, bewildered, dazed.

"He had always been fond of books—too fond, said his neighbors, who were only learned in vacuum pans and centrifugals—so some whiff of chance blew him into a little second-hand book-store, where he was his own best patron, and grew grayer and dryer and dustier day by day over the musty old books.

"He had brought with him from the country only one piece of sunshine—his daughter Celeste, who bloomed out in the dingy little shop like a splendid japonica in an earthern jar, and around her he wreathed all the love and tenderness that he might have given, under happier auspices, to wife and child and home."

Madame ceased speaking for an instant, and then she said abruptly:

"Mon ami, the wisest of us do not know how such things happen. It is in the hands of le bon Dieu, I say, and I should know, for I married the man I loved, but one day there happened into the shop a fine m'sieu, young and handsome and gay, a good part for anyone.

"And what was he like? Is it Lamartine or La Fontaine who tells us? He sees Celeste and he forgets everything else; it is as if he had been seeking her all his life. Ma foi, it is love! And Celeste?

"Ah! there are no young demoiselles like her now. She was enough to make any man forget when once he had seen her eyes. Eh bien, as I was saying, the handsome m'sieu was entranced. Every day he finds his way to the shop, until at last it happens as one might suppose and he wishes to marry Celeste. Very well. But it happens also m'sieu has a mother who is against at the idea.

"What! her son marry a shopkeeper's daughter! A girl without a sou! In vain is it represented to her that Francois is of the Huguenots, that he has met with misfortune.

"She will not listen. Francois is in despair. It will break Celeste's heart. Day by day he sees her grow thinner and the color fades out of her cheek. It is more than he can stand.

"'Do not despair, my child,' he cried one day kissing her adieu, 'le bon Dieu will provide.'

"That night he started on a journey back to the old home. I could fancy how every familiar landmark must have smote him like a blow, and called out to him that he was going back to dishonor.

"He knew that within the old Pierrepont tomb in the lonely churchyard was hidden the wealth that would buy Celeste happiness and life, and what sin was it if he reached out his hands and took it? It was treasure going to waste, at best, there in the crumbling old tomb where the green lizards sunned themselves and the grass struck its roots deep into the crevices between the bricks.

"The mad old woman and her foolish whim were already half forgotten. No one came to the tomb to pray or weep, even on All Souls' day no one brought here an immortelle. Well, it is robbed, it was nothing but a handful of unknowing dust, and as for the Pierreponts, what did a few jewels, more or less, matter to them? While as for Celeste—ah, God! he would sell his soul for her. He loved her better than his honor. If she were happy nothing else mattered——

"The blood beat and surged through his brain—balls of fire flashed before his eyes. He was conscious people looked strangely at him, and once, when a kindly hand was laid upon his shoulder, he shook it roughly off.

"In a few days Francois was back in the city in the musty little shop. He sent for m'sieu and his mother and the three went to the notary, where the marriage contract was signed, and he settled, oh, quite a fortune on Celeste. But the money—where did he get it, they asked.

"'Bah,' he said, 'one lays aside something for the evil day,' passing it off as a jest, so. Well, nothing would do but the marriage must take place the next day. 'Celeste had no trousseau!' She might buy it afterward. He had important affairs abroad and must be gone.

"Bien, it is as I tell you. The next day they were married. Celeste and her fine m'sieu, and they passed out of the church smiling, happy. Francois kisses Celeste solemnly, and then he slipped back in the church and knelt before the altar of our blessed lady. He did not see or heed the people all about.

"'Oh, thou, who knowest what it is to bear and love a child intercede for me,' he cried, and he fell dead there at the foot of the altar.

"The next day there came a message from the plantation saying the Pierrepont tomb had been desecrated and robbed. There was no difficulty in tracing the theft to Francois or in recovering the diamonds, which had been sold to a jeweller in the city.

"The affair was hushed up, and, of course, the jewels come back to the Pierrepont family. After all, such things are in the hands of le bon Dieu. But what would you? Celeste got her lover and I got these baubles. Ah, none of us know another's temptation to sin, my friend. As for me, I had a mass said for the repose of poor Francois' soul."

The night was growing chilly and madame rose to go within.

"Au revoir!" she said, giving me her hand in farewell, and I stooped and kissed the fingers on which the Pierrepont diamonds were gleaming in the moonlight.

A Question of Taste.

A little girl was walking along the street with her mother and noticing a negro woman wheeling a white baby in a carriage, said:

"Mamma, is that baby that woman's child?"

"Why, no, I guess not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, if it is hers I think she has dreadful poor taste. Why don't she get a baby to match?"—Judge.

Sensible to the Last.

The Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter (endeavoring to comfort the sick woman)—"Hab patience, Aunt Sukey, and everything will jess come erround all right."

Aunt Sukey—"You has easy talkin'. What I wants ter know is, what I has done to hab all dis sufferin' put on me. Some ob de meanest folks dies as easy as a chile, but it mos' kills me ter die."

Suggestion from "Down East."

There ought to be a law passed in Connecticut that railway restaurant keepers shall date their apple pies.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

"WANTED—A governess at Brayton Lodge. One capable of teaching music and languages, and bringing good references."

"At Brayton Lodge! Dear old Brayton, my own home!" cried Lucille Brayton, throwing down the paper and bursting into tears. "How can I ever go back there as governess, and see it owned by strangers; and yet, what else offers itself? I cannot starve."

Almost desperately she sprang up, and walked about the little room for a moment, then picked up the paper and reread the advertisement.

"How I wonder who owns the dear old place now?" she mused. "Is there any girl there now who is as happy as I was—who, perhaps, has my room, loves the flowers and walks as I did. Has a lover, perhaps, and rows with him on the lake in the moonlight evenings. Oh, Loyd, Loyd! Why do I torture myself in this way?" she broke off, suddenly throwing herself on the little old lounge, in a passion of tears and grief.

Hers was truly a sad story.

Ten years before, a petted only daughter, surrounded with every luxury and affianced to one whose devoted love she fully returned, sorrow had singled her out as a target for its arrows.

First, her lover was called abroad, and in mid-ocean went down with the fated ship on which he had taken passage.

Then, just as her heart seemed breaking with its weight of grief, a terrible blow fell over her home—none other than the death of her father by his own hand, and the sudden terrible knowledge that he had succumbed, first to one temptation and then to another, intending in time to replace all, but driven to desperation at last by the accumulation of bad luck and wrongdoing.

To make what reparation they could, the heart-broken widow and daughter gave up their home and everything they possessed, and then went away to cover up their shame and grief in a part of the world where they would be strangers to all.

The year that followed had been one continuous struggle with sickness and poverty, in the midst of which Mrs. Brayton quietly folded her tired hands over her broken heart and died, leaving Lucille alone in the world.

After that, overcome with loneliness and a longing to see her old home, Lucille slowly drifted back to the place of her happy girlhood; had just to-night arrived in the little village, taken a room in the hotel, asked for the paper, and read of the governess wanted in her old home.

"I can at least go and see the dear place," she said to herself the next morning, when after a night spent in sleepless and memories she ate her breakfast without seeing one familiar face and started off.

"I don't suppose I will do, because my references are too far away, and I will not let them know who I really am."

How familiar was every turn and byway of the little village and the road leading off to the Lodge. Lucille's eyes were so continually blinded with tears, that she hardly noticed the few passers-by, and no one noticed her.

Veiled, and in her plain black gown, she bore little resemblance to the beautiful Lucille Brayton who, in other years, had dashed gayly over these roads on her pony or in her phaeton, the admired of all observers.

At last the dear familiar tower, peeping above the trees, rose in sight, and then only a few steps, and she was at the gates, ever open as in Southern days in olden times, with the smooth white drive rolling away beyond under the shady beeches.

"I must—I must control myself," she murmured, leaning for a moment against the lichen-covered stone gate-pillar. "But, oh, how hard it is! And how little everything is changed! I had hoped to find it so, and yet how doubly hard it makes it to bear!"

Slowly she went on, winding in and out the wide shady drive until the house was reached, and every step revealed how faithful time had touched the place.

The new owners had made no changes. Every tree, shrub, and statue were the same, and unchanged as to position.

Two children on the shady stone porch sat on the same ornamental settee she had always used, and at the sight of her one of them jumped up.

"I 'spect you're our new governess. Do you want to see mamma?"

"Yes," answered Lucille, with a great exertion at steadying her voice.

And the child at once disappeared into the house, leaving his sister staring shyly at the stranger.

A pleasant-faced lady soon appeared in the doorway.

"Will you walk in, please? It is very warm without."

Lucille did so, more by sense of feeling than sight, for memories were overpowering.

"You come in answer to the advertisement, Miss ——"

"Lathrop," said Lucille faintly, and pushing aside her veil with reluctance as she remembered her tear-stained face.

But the darkness of the room only revealed its excessive pallor—nothing more.

"I would be pleased to secure the position; and can teach music, French, German, and with a little study, Latin. But I am a—stranger here, and my references are from places and people so distant that I did not know whether you would be willing to accept them."

Two keen bright eyes had been searching her face as she spoke, and their owner was making up her mind in a hurried decisive way characteristic of her.

"I think I would be willing. Are you fond of children?"

"Yes, madame."

"And have taught before?"

"For three years, in a family from whom I bring a recommendation."

A few more questions and answers followed; and then, almost before Lucille realized it, she was engaged, shown to her room, and a boy dispatched to the village for her trunk.

"Can it be possible, or am I only dreaming!" she murmured, sinking into the chair by the window, into the very room that had belonged to her governess. "Father, mother, do you know that I am at home? Home! Oh, what a bitter mockery! I must go away again! I can never bear it!"

But she did bear it, and soon learned to love those who now called it home.

Mrs. Morton was a widow, with a frank impulsive heart, that was soon won by the stranger; and the children fell promptly in love with their new governess, who never grew tired of strolling about the grounds with them, and telling the most wonderful stories, of how another little girl had once lived in their house, and done so and so.

It was a life nearer happy than any she had lived for ten years; and many, many times the truth hung to her lips when talking with Mrs. Morton. But she never spoke it.

"Such a piece of news," said that lady, coming in one day with an open letter in her hand. "My brother is coming home."

"Yes," said Lucille, with polite interest.

"The one you call your favorite? Is he coming to visit you?"

"Visit me? Why, this is his house," laughed Mrs. Morton, throwing down the garden-hat. "And with such a lovely home as this, he leaves me to do as I please here, and goes roaming around the world after a girl he loved years ago. This was her home. Why, Miss Lathrop——"

"Oh, it is nothing," interrupted Lucille, ghastly pale. "Only a stitch in my side. I have them frequently. But I was interested in your story. I did not mean to interrupt. Go on, please."

"I really don't know all the particulars, often as I have heard them," said Mrs. Morton. "But they were engaged, and as I say, this was her home; but her father forged or something, and killed himself, and the girl and her mother gave up everything and disappeared. But I forgot to say that just before that my brother had been called abroad, and was reported lost at sea, but had escaped death in the miraculous way that some people——"

But with a startled cry she interrupted herself and sprang up, just as Lucille sank from her chair to the floor in utter insensibility.

It almost seemed as though life would not return, but Mrs. Morton, together with the servants who rushed in at her frightened cry, were indefatigable, and at last they were rewarded.

"Do not speak!" Mrs. Morton exclaimed, as the gaze on her face grew rational, and the white lips began to tremble. "I guess what you would say. You are Lucille Brayton. Close your eyes if I am right."

Instantly the lids fell, but as quickly lifted again.

"Say it again," the faint voice pleaded, in spite of commands of silence. "Loyd lives? my Loyd? Loyd Murray?"

"Yes, yes. But you must be quiet. I will not talk to you," cried Mrs. Morton, who was in a perfect delirium of joy and excitement.

But Lucille did not want her to. That one deliriously joyful truth was enough to feast on for the present, and gladly she closed her eyes and lay quiet, while Mrs. Morton, calling her carriage, drove hastily into the village and sent this startling announcement to her brother, Loyd Murray:

"Come at once. Lucille Brayton is with me."

And cannot you imagine, how, after reading it, the speed of lightning seemed but snail's pace to him, who, since his wonderful escape from the sea, had never ceased looking for the one who, believing him dead, and caring for naught else in the world, had so sedulously hidden herself away.

Their meeting was far too full of sacred joy to bear either witness or description.

Mrs. Morton welcomed her brother at the steps, saw him go into the parlor, and saw Lucille rise from her chair, looking like an angel in her white draperies and the speechless joy in her pale face.

Then she hurried away with her eyes full of happy tears for their joy, and tried to explain to the astonished children how Miss Lathrop was not Miss Lathrop, and was going to be their auntie very soon.

"Did you not notice how like old times everything looked?" Mr. Murray asked Lucille, as next day they strolled about the grounds and lake shore, just as they had done years before.

"Oh yes, the moment I reached the gateway; and while, of course, I was glad to see it so, it nearly killed me with memories. I thought I could never bear to stay here," answered Lucille, who still could not realize the wonderful truth that her lover, so long mourned as dead, was beside her.

"I reached here about six or eight months after you left, and finding the house just as you left it, still in the creditor's hands, I purchased it, and then began to look for you.

"Why, my darling, it seems to me that I have ransacked the entire world in searching for you, and advertised far and wide. How could I have failed in finding you?"

"Easily Loyd. We went so far and among such entire strangers, and never, save when I was out of work, and looked at advertisements, did we see a paper. No one gave them to us, and we could not afford even the cheapest. And to think all that time you were keeping the old home and looking for me!"

She burst into a passion of tears, purely joyful, and clung to him as if in terror that the horrible past would prove still a reality, and the present but a delirious fleeting dream.

But the clasp of his arms, and the sound of his tender voice, were very reassuring, and pleasantly she was smiling through her tears as he talked of what they would do.

"And I'll whisper a little secret of Helen's, which she has perhaps not told you. She goes to a home of her own in just a little while, and we will have a double wedding, and then, my darling, the old home is once more your own—all your own—and you are all my own, after years of waiting—my own sweet, sweet wife!"

Don't Learn To Carve.

Never learn to carve, young man. There is no fun in it. A knowledge of the art saddles you with a responsibility, which, while it may procure you invitations to dinner, sits heavily on the soul and brings wrinkles into the forehead.

If you do not perform the work artistically, you are criticised. If a tough fowl gets away from you and takes refuge in a lady's lap, you are laughed at and make an enemy of the fair one whose dress you soil or spoil. You offend Jones if you send the choicest cutlet to Smith and vice versa. You must send the best away and reserve only the least to be desired for yourself.

The waiters make you the subject of their remarks and by putting their heads together and jerking their thumbs over their shoulders in your direction embarrass you dreadfully; you know by the fiendish leer on their faces that they have set you down as a blacksmith.

If the room is warm you are thrown into a violent perspiration; your collar wilts, your necktie gets awry, your appetite leaves you, and when your labors are finished you begin your dinner with the air of one who has been in a pugilistic mill and come out second best.

Don't learn to carve.—Boston Courier.

Much Truth in the Jest.

"I am sorry to see you neglecting your business this way, Smith. They say that you don't spend half an hour a day at your office."

"Well, a fellow must look after his business."

"Yes, but you don't look sick—what is the matter with you?"

"My wife takes 'The Family Health Gazette,' and she makes out that I have a tendency to softening of the brain, with complicated symptoms of Bright's disease, liver complaint, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, inflammation of the bunions, cremation of the spleen, indigestion of the œsophagus, hypertrophy of the palate, and besides, that I am not at all well. She insists that I must observe all the health rules in 'The Gazette,' and you see I've no time for anything else."

STORY OF A WILL.

I recently asked an old lawyer's opinion of ghosts. The result was as follows:

"Do I believe in spirits? Well, yes, when they are contained in bottles and come from a well-known firm. But ghosts! Why! Do you think I am a Spiritualist? Nonsense!"

"So you don't believe in ghosts and spooks? You have never had any remarkable experience?"

"Hold on there! Now that you seem determined that I shall commit myself, and probably having heard that I have a ghost story to tell, I will satisfy you; but let me remark before commencing that the story I am about to tell is God's truth, and as such must be received. Scoff at it but once, and I shall stop in the middle of my story.

"Yes, I do believe in ghosts, or, at least, in some strange natural phenomena that the world has called ghostly for the last eighteen hundred years or more. Now, listen.

"It was in the latter part of 1876 that I undertook a case for a young woman. It was for a divorce.

"She was the daughter of my aged client, Dr. Baxter, a man who could have raised $500,000 in hard cash inside of twenty-four hours.

"The case was somewhat remarkable. Annie Baxter had married a stockbroker, named Thomas Thorne, against her father's wishes.

"Her husband, she soon discovered, had married her chiefly for what he could get out of her father, who, he hoped, would soon get over his displeasure and forgive his daughter's disobedience; but the old doctor was stubborn and did not relent. He refused to see Annie and forbade the mention of her name by any of his household.

"Thorne, on finding that he could not get hold of any of the doctor's money, soon tired of Annie; and Annie, who had been a spoiled and petted child, brought up in the lap of luxury, became miserable and in want. But she stood her sorrows with heroism, and not a complaint escaped her till Thorne began to drink and gamble, at times not returning for weeks to his home, and then under the influence of liquor.

"She was obliged to earn her own living, and when her child was born she had to go to one of our large free hospitals for care and attention. It is doubtful if her father would have let her go had he known her condition, for he still loved his daughter; but she did not let him know, and one day while making his rounds in the maternity ward of the B. Hospital, to which he was a physician, his attention was called to a woman who had fainted. She went to her bedside. It was Annie, his daughter, who, not expecting to see him, had been greatly shocked. She did not know of his connection with the hospital.

"The doctor's kind heart was softened at once. He was greatly moved. He had her carried in an ambulance to her old home under his roof. He had forgiven her.

"Just about this time Thorne was arrested in a bad house, where he was raising a row, and sent to prison for six weeks. Annie then placed her petition for divorce in my hands, and my connection with the case commenced.

"The divorce was obtained with ease, as Thorne made no answer to the complaint and the case was perfectly clear in our favor.

"Now begins the ghostly part. Dr. Baxter owned a small yacht, in which he was accustomed to make short excursions about New York Bay and Long Island Sound. On the last excursion of any kind he ever made the yacht capsized in a squall and the doctor was drowned, everyone else being rescued alive.

"After the funeral the doctor's will was looked for. It was known that he had made a will at the time of Annie's marriage, leaving all his property in his sister on the condition that Annie could have $600 a year from the estate during her life.

"After father and daughter became reconciled he told me he intended to make a new will and leave his property chiefly to her, but the only will that could be found after his death was the former, and his sister, Mrs. J., refused to waive her rights under the will in the least. By my advice Annie asked her to make her a proper compromise, but she refused to do anything more than stand by the will.

"Almost a year passed away, when one day I received a note from Annie asking me to call on her at the Gilsey House, where she was staying a few days, on business of the utmost importance. On going there she told me a strange story, so strange that I feared she had lost her mental balance, but I saw she was perfectly earnest about it.

"'A few nights ago,' said she, 'while I was sitting with my little boy by the fire in my room, at about 10 o'clock in the evening, there being no other light than that of the fire in the room, I heard a strange noise. Then the door opened—and closed. I looked around, much surprised at receiving such a late visitor, especially as he came without knocking. But my first surprise was lost in the terror and dismay that came over me as I saw enter and approach my chair—who do you think? My father! or his ghost!

"'As I knew he had been dead over a year, you may imagine my feelings. He came direct towards me, casting his ulster overcoat off on a chair, as he used to do when he came home late.

"'"Annie," said he, putting his hand on my head and stroking my hair, "I have come to see you righted. You are suffering from a most unnatural fraud and crime. Your aunt stole my last will. As I had promised you, I made you my heir—and my only heir—and the will was drawn by my own hand, and executed three months before I died.

"'"Your aunt, in whom I firmly believed, was one of the witnesses. Dr. R., who went to China before my death, and is there still, was another. I am determined to see you have your rights, though I am no longer in the flesh, and be assured that I can see you through.

"'"The lost will is in your aunt's bureau drawer in her bedroom, on the second floor of our old house. The ebony bureau. You will find the will under the paper on the bottom of the drawer. And this is the way for you to obtain it.

"'"Go to your lawyer and tell him what I have told you. Ask him to go with you to call on your aunt. As usual she will receive you kindly. She will be in the library. Go on about ten on Wednesday evening, the 10th, and while she is talking to you I will appear and carry out the rest of the plan."

"'Then the doctor put on his coat again and kissed my baby and myself in the most affectionate manner—quite as though he were alive—and started to go, but before he had reached the door his form melted into air and shadow. He

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 7, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,

HENRY MEYER, of Allegheny Co.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,

JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,

HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. R. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gayner	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.

JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.

FOR SHERIFF,

JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR,

JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.

FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,

C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

IF tariff revision is all wrong, as the Republicans say it is, why is the Republican Senate preparing to report a bill to revise the tariff?

THE election in Vermont on Tuesday went the usual way, Republican, while in Arkansas the boot is on the other leg, that State as usual going Democratic by an increased majority.

SATISFACTORY reports of the wheat crop come from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois, but the Ohio crop will only be 50 per cent of the average and the Dakota average is reduced.

THE longest session of Congress was 302 days. So far this session has consumed 278 days. If it continues to September 13, which is very likely, the Fiftieth Congress will be the longest session on record in this country.

THE customs authorities last week prevented the landing of sixteen sailors, who were coming to this country under contract, for which reason they were denied admittance to the port by virtue of the imported Contract Labor law.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* was about correct last week when it said that "Chauncy M. Depew will not have a political reception on his return from Europe, but will be received by the employes of the New York Central Railroad. One reception like Blaine's is as much as the Republican party should be required to stand in one Presidential year."

Two weeks ago the surplus in the New York Clearing House Banks amounted to $27,000,000, now it is $17,000,000. The decline is going on, and for the next sixty days the holdings of the banks will be absorbed for "moving the crops," under which a great variety of items will be found. Last September there was a well-remembered stringency.

ACCORDING to statements by the Treasury Department there was in the United States Treasury on July 31, a surplus of $132,517,751. This money will lie idle in the treasury vaults, and for want of it business must suffer. If this immense sum of money had been allowed to remain in the hands of the people from whom it has been extorted by taxation, all kinds of business would necessarily be brighter.

CHAIRMAN QUAY is getting in his work. He was unable to get Blaine to quit talking but he has done the next best thing for his party that could be done. We see it announced from Republican head quarters that Mr. Blaine's throat troubles are so severe that he will not be able to speak all through the doubtful States. Had Matthew Stanley Quay got his grip on Blaine's throat before he began speaking at all it might have been better for the g. o. p.

THE Democrats on Monday last had about one hundred and fifty aliens at Court to be naturalized. Both the Democrats and Republicans are gathering in all the voting material from the highways and byways. On Wednesday the Republicans brought in their forces for naturalization, numbering about fifty, and although their number was smaller they made more of a show than the Democrats as they were accompanied by a brass band dressed in British uniform, evidently to show their hostility to President Cleveland's policy on the Canadian fisheries question.

THE President on Tuesday appointed Hon. Charles E. Boyle, of Uniontown, Pa., as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory. The appointment is one well merited by Mr. Boyle, as he stands high as a lawyer in Pennsylvania and as a member of Congress was always in the front ranks in maintaining the principles of Democracy. A factional quarrell among the Democrats of Mr. Boyle's district deprived him of judicial honors last year and his appointment by President Cleveland is an evidence of the high esteem with which he is regarded by the administration for his course as a legislator.

SINCE the publication of the card of John J. Kinney, the Democratic candidate for sheriff, published more than a month ago, in which he denied, in no uncertain terms the slanders that had been insinuated and circulated against him by Michael McBride and the Johnstown *Tribune*, we have patiently waited for some apology from the *Tribune* for publishing and giving currency to the utterances of a proven liar, or some attempt on the part of Michael McBride to substanciate his charge. One month has gone by without an apology from the *Tribune* and Michael McBride is as dumb as an oyster.

In the *Tribune* of July 18th Mr. McBride said "he was prepared to prove by documentary and other evidence that John J. Kinney the Democratic candidate has violated the election laws and that he cannot and will not be permitted to take the oath of office, even if he should be elected."

Mr. Kinney in his card of July 30th says directly to the contrary and makes his statement under oath. Our readers have read his statement and it is unnecessary to repeat it here. It was a direct and flat contradiction of Michael McBride's statement and left no room for hedging. It included substantially all the terms in the oath required to be taken by officials elected in this Commonwealth and the issue must be squarely met by Michael McBride and the *Tribune*. There can be no doubt or uncertainty as to Mr. McBride's charge or to Mr. Kinney's denial. There is nothing obscure in either and there is but one conclusion the voters of Cambria county can arrive at, and that is this: That John J. Kinney is guilty of perjury or Michael McBride is an unmitigated liar.

At the time we published Mr. Kinney's card we denounced McBride's statement as a falsehood and suggested that a prosecution for perjury would lay the facts bare to the voters of Cambria county at September Court. Mr. Kinney's sworn statement gave them their opportunity, but McBride and the *Tribune* have not seen fit to follow our suggestion and the voters of Cambria county are left in the dark so far as any efforts on the part of McBride or the *Tribune* have been made to substantiate the statement of McBride or discredit the sworn statement of Mr. Kinney.

McBride and the *Tribune* are evidently satisfied to let the matter rest but we are not. We insist that Michael McBride is a liar, that he has made a charge that he cannot substantiate and that the *Tribune* in justice to honest journalism, as the mouth piece of Michael McBride, in giving currency to the slander, should either apologize to John J. Kinney or bring Michael McBride up to the scratch.

THE belief that the Senate has abandoned any attempt to pass a tariff bill has become so firmly fixed that the Democrats of the House are already contemplating some legislation by which the increase in the surplus can be prevented notwithstanding. It is another instance where the policy of shirking and subterfuge on the part of the Republicans has redounded to the political advantage of the Democrats. As the Senate is afraid to pass a tariff bill, and the surplus must be reduced, the House will probably pass a series of bills, aimed directly and specially at the notorious trusts in certain commodities, and make a cut in the tariff wherever such a combination has been found.

The Republicans are in an awkward attitude. Their campaign money is being furnished by these trusts, anxious for a continuation of the high duties that make their existence possible. Blaine has already declared them beyond the power of legislation, and the party would fly in the face of its "uncrowned king" to indorse any measure looking to their destruction. For the Republicans to openly and avowedly sustain the trusts would be equivalent to party suicide, and now they are confronting a dilemma worse than that in which they were before they dropped their tariff bill. Mr. Hooker has already introduced a resolution authorizing the President to suspend the duty on cotton bagging if satisfied there was a trust or combination to increase the price of that commodity in this country. Representative Breckinridge, of Arkansas, has introduced similar bills aimed at the sugar, cotton seed oil and other trusts. A caucus of the House Democrats will be held this week to shape the line of legislation, which, in view of the abandonment of the tariff bill by the Senate, promises temporarily to take care of the surplus and at the same time wipe out the most aggravating monopolists that have yet fastened upon the people of this country.

IT is "hard lines" at the national Republican headquarters nowadays says the New York *Times*. In marked contrast with the Democratic headquarters, where prominent members of the Democratic party call every day, hardly any distinguished Republicans visit their national headquarters, and the House is very lonesome indeed. The members of the Wise faction from Virginia noticed this lonesomeness when they visited the national headquarters the other day, and one of them remarked: "Everybody there looks as if he had the blues, and I feel as though I had the blues myself.

If that is true generally it was especially so yesterday. Colonel Dudley looked as mournful as his pleasant face will let him; Colonel New was gloomy indeed. The cause of it all was said to have been the reception by the executive committee of a letter from one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, upon whose support the committee had confidently counted, saying that he had consulted with brethern and they have decided that the free whisky plank in the Republican platform was more than they could support, and they should recommend Methodists to vote the Prohibition ticket.

This is a very important decision if true, and the Republican managers had good cause to be blue.

A tariff pointer for the people: No man ever enriches his purse by taxing his family and then paying the tax himself.

Terse Tariff Talks.

Farmers compose the largest industry of the country, and they have most interest in equitable tax laws. They receive the smallest per cent. of profit on capital invested and the least reward for labor of any legitimate industry of the land.

They are protected in the product of their farms by the present tariff, and that protection is not changed by the Mills bill except as sugar and rice, on which the tariff duties are reduced, and as wool, hemp and flax, which are made free in the interest of the manufacturers and consumers, and the chief consumers are farmers themselves.

The so-called sheep industry in Pennsylvania does not average five sheep to each farm in the State, and the entire wool crop of our farmers is worth about $1,250,000. There is practically no able-bodied labor in sheep-growing, and, therefore, no labor to protect; and the consumption of woolen goods in Pennsylvania amounts to about $60,000,000 per annum, the major part of which is consumed by farmers.

Free wool would, as testified before Congress by experienced woolen manufacturers of all parties, cheapen woolens fully 20 per cent. to consumers; and 20 per cent. on the consumption of woolens in Pennsylvania would be about $12,000,000. The farmers alone pay more than five times as much in needless taxes on woolens as the value of the entire wool crop of the State; and the wool-growers as a class, exclusive of the other wool consumers of Pennsylvania, would gain more in cheap woolens than they would lose by free wool. In point of fact, the farmers of Pennsylvania are overtaxing themselves by taxing wool.

Everything of importance that the farmer uses on or about his farm and in and about his house, is still subject to high war taxes except tea and coffee. Everything he wears is taxed from 30 to 80 per cent.; every implement he uses on his farm, from a hand rake to a threshing machine, is highly taxed; everything used in his house, from a broom or tackhammer to a stove, table or piano, is highly taxed. His house is lighted by from 60 to 100 per cent. taxed glass; he drinks from a 60 per cent. taxed pitcher and a 60 per cent. taxed goblet, and every implement of tinware in his kitchen is highly taxed; although not a ton of tin plate is produced in the country.

When he needs steel for his plows, harrows, etc., he is the victim of the steeltrust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he writes a letter, he is the victim of the envelope trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he buys a pair of rubber shoes, he is the victim of the rubber trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he buys salt for his table or stock or to preserve his meats, he is the victim of the salt trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he binds his wheat he is the victim of the cordage trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he bags his grain he is the victim of the jute trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he bales his hay, he is the victim of the cotton-tie trust that is created by high war tariff duties; when he builds or repairs his house, barn or shed, he is the victim of the lumber trust that is created by high war tariff duties; if he buys oil to paint his house, barn or fence, he is the victim of the linseed oil trust that is created by high war tariff duties, and so on indefinitely is he taxed by oppressive laws and lawless trusts created and protected by oppressive laws, until he is the mere slave of banded and protected monopolists.

The farmer wants legitimate labor protected in our protective industries to diversify our pursuits and consumers; but all taxes imposed upon the necessaries of business and of life beyond the actual protection of the wages of labor in our shops and mills is extortion upon the farmer and workingman; and all laws which create and protect monopoly trusts and combines, are oppressive on all legitimate labor. The present tariff taxes are 47.10 per cent. on the articles taxed; the Mills bill proposes to reduce these taxes about 7 per cent., leaving the largest protection to industry ever before given except under the extreme necessities of war. There is no free trade, nor the semblance of free tarde, about reducing our tariff taxes to 40 per cent. and there is no channel of industry so largely interested in tax reduction as the farmers of Pennsylvania.—*Phila. Times*

Senator Cullom's Blunder.

The Republican Senators are having a run of ill luck. Senator Cullum of Illinois is the latest victim. He introduced a resolution, last Thursday, gravely calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate by what authority the transit, in bond, of goods coming from Canada across the United States had been allowed without the exaction of duties since July 1, 1885, at which date the twenty-ninth article of the treaty of 1871 became inoperative, according to the President's message.

Mr. Cullom's preamble was quite ingenious. It was simply an argument divided into sections by repetitions of the word "whereas," by which he sought to show that if President Cleveland's interpretation of that treaty is the true one, the President has been guilty of neglect in permitting the continuance of the free transit of these goods across our territory. Mr. Cullom wore an air of triumph when he presented the resolution, and the Republican side of the Senate felt a sense of happiness it had not experienced since it adjourned and fled to escape hearing the President's fisheries message.

Senator George, however, allowed them but a brief period of bliss. He cited two seperate sections of the revised statutes, both of which specifically accord this privilege to Canada, and neither of which made the grant in any way dependent on the treaty of Washington. The Mississippi Senator simply "flabbergasted" the gentleman from Illinois.

Senator Cullom hastily withdrew his resolution. He had obtained more information than he wanted before he was ready for it. Meanwhile Grover Cleveland was having good sport catching bass in Virginia, while waiting for the Senate to make up its mind as to what it will do with that message.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Other Old Roman.

Mr. Thurman is said to have inherited his title of the "Old Roman" from his uncle, William Allen, a member of the United States Senate with Clay, Calhoun and Webster. Uncle William was fond of Roman history and used to read "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" as assiduously and quite as appreciatively as old Silas Wegg. He had a ponderous voice, a splendid physique, and interlarded his speeches with many illusions to the Roman heroes. Somebody dubbed him the Old Reman, and the sobriquet stuck to him, descending later to his distinguished nephew, who inherited many of his traits of character.—*Chicago Herald.*

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt, & Co., Wholesale and Retail Druggist of Rome Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Millions for Revenue.

One thousand millions of dollars per anum! The sum is so enormous that when people are told that it represents the tariff-enhanced cost of the domestic goods consumed every year in this country, they are stricken with amazement. Nevertheless such is the fact. The products of the industries in which tariff-protected capital is employed that are used or consumed annually in the United States, are of the value of five thousand millions of dollars (five billions). The cost to the users or consumers is enhanced at an average rate of 20 per cent. above what it would be if the tariff were laid for revenue merely instead of being imposed, as it is, to enable the protected capitalist to get a bounty from the purchasers of his products. Twenty per cent. of five thousand millions of dollars is one thousand millions of dollars. Any school-boy can figure out how much of this is paid by or for every man, woman and child in the United States. A family of five persons pay about eighty-five dollars every year in tariff bounties to tariff protected capital in the form of an increased cost of food, clothing, rent, household goods and utensils and implements of labor, caused by the present tariff for the protection of monopolies.

It must be remembered that not one cent of these one thousand millions goes into the Government Treasury. This enormous tax is not levied by the Government but by the protected capitalists who are enabled to do this by a tariff which makes them masters of the home market, which shields them in their formation of trusts and other combinations to put up and keep up the prices of their products, which compels the users or consumers to buy from them alone by preventing them from buying in any other country. The revenue derived from the tariff by the Government is paid by the users or consumers of such foreign made goods as are permitted by the tariff laws to be imported, and amounts to only a little over two hundred millions of dollars, or but about one-fifth of the tariff-enhanced cost of domestic products used or consumed in the United States. No tariff-reformer objects to a tariff laid to secure the revenues necessary to carry on the Government economically administered, but all tariff reformers complain of a tariff laid to raise unnecessary revenues which cause a large surplus in the Treasury and imposed in such a manner as to protect capital in its formation of trusts and syndicates to tax the people in high prices for their necessaries of life. Millions for revenue but not one cent for tribute to monopoly, is the motto of the tariff reformers.

What boots it to the laborer or the artisan that he sets a little higher wages by working from six to ten hours longer per week than the English laborer or artisan if he must pay out for his necessaries of life in tariff-enhanced prices more than he gets by his longer hours of labor and consequent higher wages? Nothing. On the contrary his lack of needed rest and recreation, the strain upon his mind and body, the wear of muscle and brain, necessitated by his compressing a year and two months of the Englishman's labor into twelve months of steady, unremiting toil, shorten his life and make his declining years a season of suffering and misery. He sacrifices rest, health and life to the Moloch of the high tariff which demands constant tribute from him for the benefit of protected capital. This is the workingman's share in the infamous system which robs the American people each successive year of a thousand millions of dollars and pours it into the coffers of a privileged class. Hewers of wood and drawers of water to tariff-protected trusts and combines are the workingmen of America. Slaves to the wretched delusion that a tax which they pay in tariff-enhanced prices of everything they consume is protective of their wages, are the toilers of every guild who refuse to shake off the tariff burden that is crushing them into the earth.—*Harrisburg Patriot*

Blaine on the Trusts.

That was a most happy conjunction in New England on Friday evening—Blaine pleading for the tariff-bred Trusts in a little village of Maine, and Butler endeavoring to persuade the workingmen of Boston of the beauties and blessings of protection to American industry. Blaine did not hesitate, in the service of Andrew Carnegie and other monopolists whom he worships, to insult not merely his own party but the common sense of the country by asserting that "the Trusts have no place in the national campaign," and reiterating his false and absurd pretense that the Trusts grow more rankly under free trade than under protection. This was not a "casual remark wrongly reported by telegraph," as was pleaded in behalf of his Portland declaration that Trusts are "private affairs," but it was written down, spoken deliberately from manuscript, and delivered to the Associated Press.

If the Trusts have no place in the national campaign, as the beneficiaries of tariff monopoly and their champion would persuade the country, what did the Republican party mean at Chicago by declaring "opposition to all combinations in trusts or otherwise to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens," and recommending to Congress "such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies?" What do John Sherman and other Republicans mean by introducing bills in Congress to restrain the rapacity of the Sugar Trust and other monopolies, and denouncing their "dangerous character," if these gigantic wrongs upon the people have "no place in this campaign?"

The "Uncrowned King" of the Republican party contemptuously brushes aside the doctrine declared at Chicago, and established a creed of his own, to which he demands the conformity and observance of Republicans. Of this creed the cardinal dogma is the open and undisguised worship of the tariff-born Trusts as too sacred to be touched by the profane hand of an American Congress. John Sherman must prepare to obey by abandoning his bill. The Finance Committee of the Senate must take care that the Lumber Trust, the Salt Trust, the Beesemer Steel Combine, the Structural Iron Ring, the Cotton Bagging Trust and the half score of other rings that flourish beneath the tariff shall be left undisturbed in their spoilation of the American people. Blaine has said it; these Trusts have "no place in the National campaign." The platform so recently constructed at Chicago must be trundled off to the political lumber room before the contest it was designed to inaugurate has fairly begun, and the once great Republican party is thus forced into the humiliating and degraded position of a subservient tool of the voracious Trusts and Monopolies that an infamous tariff system has coiled around the American people.—*Phila. Record*

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohlichstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—News reached San Francisco on Tuesday that at Mayosogori, Japan, a storm destroyed 180 houses and drowned 46 persons August 4.

—Jule List, secretary of the Duckworth Building Association, of Cincinnati, has disappeared. His shortage is placed at near $20,000.

—William Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton detective agency at Chicago, is laid up in a private hospital at New York. He is now improving.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has ordered the Salvantionists to fast for a week to save money. He expects to save £5,000 from the operation.

—Samuel Scanlan, of Louisville, an ex-fireman, shot his wife threes time and himself once on Tuesday. It is thought both will die. Scanlan was intoxicated.

—Near Brazil, Ind., Monday, Samuel Wheeler, aged sixteen, slid from a load of hay and was impaled on the handle of a pitchfork. He lived an hour in the greatest agony.

—Pennsylvania has some girls worth having. In the haying season, a gentleman during a short drive counted nine young women driving two-horse mowers and 17 managing horse rakes.

—Spring Ranch, Neb., has had a hail storm with stones two inches across that killed pigs, chickens and ducks and much small deer, and played havoc or worse with every green thing except the crop of ducks.

—Near Springfield, Ohio, on last Saturday, Thomas Sharpe, owner of an orchard, shot John, Frank and Patrick Collins, three boys, sons of Frank Collins, a coal dealer, for stealing fruit. Bird-shot was used, and one of the boys may die. Sharpe will be prosecuted.

—A girl named Sheldon was struck in the ear by a foul ball at a ball game in Iodi, Medina county, Ohio, last Saturday, and instantly killed. Henry Sockemyer, of Republic, in the same State, was hit near the heart by a foul tip the same day, from the effects of which he soon died.

—Gabriel Morillo, of Duluth, died on Saturday as the result of a singular accident. While working on the streets, several days ago, he was struck in the face by a stream of water from a hydrant, and his false teeth were knocked down his throat. He died from a hemorrhage following their removal.

—Chicago has an old settler who remembers well the days when the postmaster carried all the mail in his hat. The first private letter box was made out of a boot, with a part of the leg cut off. In those days, less than fifty years ago, it cost 25 cents to send a letter from New York to Chicago.

—Miss Mary A. Whiting, daughter of E. F. Whiting, of Holliston, Mass., has brought suit for $10,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage against Prof. G. G. Pond, recently instructor in chemistry in Amherst College, but now in the Pennsylvania State College. Prof. Pond was recently married to an Amherst lady.

—Jerry Duncan and Richard Carter, both substantial farmers living on Laurel creek, near Fayetteville, W. Va., became involved in a difficulty on Tuesday morning during which some shots were fired. Carter was wounded, perhaps fatally, and Duncan slightly. They are brothers-in-law. The trouble was caused by an old feud.

—Steve Brodie, who jumped off the Brooklyn bridge, went up to Poughkeepsie with his wife on Thursday of last week and examined the new Poughkeepsie bridge across the Hudson. Brodie announced his intention of jumping from the top of the second span from the west shore on September 29th. The top of the span is 212 feet above high water mark

—A barber in London recently made a wager that he could shave sixty men in sixty minutes. The bet was accepted, the men were lathered, and the razors strapped and opened, ready for use. At the end of the forty-ninth minute the men had all been shaved, and the barber was complacently counting his well earned gold. This, it is said, breaks the record.

—After hoping for rain for weeks, but in vain, the people of Fort Scott, Kan., decided to try the efficacy of powder. They bought $30 worth of the explosive, and shot it heavenward. Little time elapsed before the much-sought-for rain arrived, and since they have been debating whether the downpour was due to the shooting or came along in the natural course of affairs.

—Alfred C. Hobbs, of Hartford, Conn., is now 76 years of age. He is the man who succeeded in picking every lock placed before him at the Crystal Palace, London, in 1851, and won $1,000 offered by an English firm to any one who could pick the lock they manufactured. Mr. Hobbs became a lion, and was presented to the Duke of Wellington and Queen Victoria.

—While one of the tigers of a circus was being transferred from one cage to another at Wilkesburra, Pa., on Saturday he fell off the ladder. He gave a great howl and the attendants became panic-stricken. Six men in trying to get out of the way were trampled on and badly injured. By great presence of mind the tamer succeeded in muzzling the animal before he could get away.

—A swinging scaffold containing two Bridgeport, Conn., painters fell and, in the excitement of attending to one of them who had been badly injured, his fellow workman was overlooked. In the descent he seized a rope dangling 30 feet from the ground, and had to remain in the perilous position for several minutes until he attracted the attention of the people below and was rescued.

—A man recently died at Washington Territory and left a will, in which his father is made heir to a watch and chain, his mother to a house and lot, and his dog, Fitznoodle Kilpatrick, came in for a bequest of $2,000. Trustees were named to hold the sum for the beneficiary, and to furnish him with provisions, to consist of all the delicacies of the season, besides chewing gum, liquors and cigars.

—On Saturday last Mr. Chester, son of a prominent citizen of Antwerp, Ohio, went to Fort Wayne, Ind., and drew $1,500 in cash from a bank. While returning to his home he was way-laid and robbed. The robbers knocked him senseless, bound him, filled his mouth with sand, and laid him on the track of the Wabash railroad in such a position that the next train would have run over him. Fortunately he was discovered and removed to his home.

—A Massachusetts paper prints an account of a remarkable scene at Revere Beach on a recent Sunday. A man was in danger of drowning in the surf, and while efforts were being made to launch the lifeboat, the Sunday pleasure-seekers stood by, laughed and applauded. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and every delay and blunder increased the merriment. The efforts to save the man were unavailing, and his dead body was brought ashore.

—William Smalley, an old and eccentric citizen of Wellsville, Ohio, was taken to the County Infirmary on Saturday. He had amassed considerable wealth at one time, but lost it all. When the authorities attempted to enter his hut, where for years he had lived alone, they were attacked by a number of dogs. They had great difficulty in getting Smalley away. Thirteen dogs of various kinds and sizes were found on the premises. Smalley had for five years taken care of all the stray dogs he could find.

—On Tuesday morning, while an eastbound train was passing over the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad bridge, at Beaver Falls, Pa., a woman was seen to throw a bundle from the car window into the river. Two men, who were hauling stone near by, examined the bundle and found that it contained the body a child. The men left the child in the water and went for the Coroner, but before the latter arrived it had floated away. The Coroner is at present searching the rivier for the remains.

—A horrible affair is reported from the neighborhood of Guide Rock, a small town just over the Nebraska line. John Baker, while feeding a threshing-machine on the farm of a man by the name of Weeks, was accidentally cut on the hand by the band-cutter, a boy. He grasped the boy and deliberately fed him into the machine feet first. The boy's screams attracted the attention of the other hands, but before they could interfere the boy's body had half disappeared in the machine. The enraged men seized Baker and hung him to the straw-carrier.

—William Miller, a trusted private watchman of Allegheny City, was murdered on Irwin avenue, in that city, by Joe Demmle, a colored cab-driver, early Tuesday morning. Demmle was returning from a ball, accompanied by a companion named John Jones and two colored women. Miller looked at them inquiringly, which Demmle resented, and, after a few words, shot the watchman through the body below the heart. The murderer endeavored to escape, but was captured and taken to the police station in the same ambulance which conveyed his victim to the hospital. Miller died shortly after arriving at the hospital.

—No more dramatic scene can be imagined than that witnessed in Newark, N. J., the other evening. A madman held his wife by the heels hanging from a third-story window, and the woman, head downward and expecting to be dropped to death every instant, clung desperately to an infant in her arms and filled the air with shrieks. Some men entered the house, and by instantaneous understanding two of them crept softly behind the lunatic and seized the woman's feet, while others struck down and secured the man. The woman was then carefully drawn back, still holding her infant, and both lives were saved. But it is feared that the shock has unsettled the poor woman's reason.

—A party which just arrived in Helena from Northern Montana reports the terrible fate of a sheepherder named Fitch. The unfortunate man was herding sheep in an isolated part of the country, and on the day of the accident had been visited by the owner of the herd, and a meeting planned for the next day. The herder not appearing, and the sheep being found alone, search was made for the man, who was found three days after, a shapeless mass, at the end of a lariat attached to the horse's saddle. It is supposed the man went to sleep after attaching the horse to himself, and the animal becoming frightened, started to run, knocking Fitch senseless before he could gain control.

—Margaret Shea, of West Chester, Pa., died some months ago, leaving in her will a bequest of $1,500 for the keeping of a Newfoundland dog belonging to her, the money to be invested and the interest to be applied to the taking care of the animal, and at its death be to be buried beside her in the Great Valley Presbyterian churchyard, and the $1,500 to be passed over to the use of that church. On Friday last the dog died, and his remains were handed over to the care of a funeral director, who neatly placed them in a coffin and buried them beside the dog's mistress in the grave designated, and on Monday the money was handed over to the church in accordance with the letter of the will. The dog was fourteen years of age.

—One of the most peculiar attempts at suicide ever recorded occurred at Wheeling on Sunday morning. Mrs. Anne Lowrey—an old lady of 82 years, who lives with her bachelor son John just above the city, left the house while the son was at market, and going to the river, 200 yards from the house, deliberately waded out into the water till she was in over her head. When she was seen by neighbors she was up to her neck, and before they could get to her she had disappeared. Several minutes elapsed before her body was found, and she was then apparently dead, but no effort was made to resuscitate her. She revived about a half hour later, and it is thought she will get well. She said she was getting feeble and feared she would become a burden to her son, and had contemplated suicide for three days and embraced the first opportunity.

—A special from Palorda, in the public land strip to Kansas City, says that the farmers and herdsmen of that section, who had lost many horses and cattle recently, suspected a band of campers who claimed to be catching wild horses, and, finding evidence of guilt, forty well-armed vigilantes surrounded the camp and sent in a committee of six men to demand the surrender of the thieves. The reply of the desperadoes was a volley, which wounded one man and two horses. This angered the vigilantes, and firing was at once began and the outlaws shot down without mercy. They fought desperately, and no quarter was asked or given. In twelve minutes the firing ceased, and seventeen outlaws were found to have been killed. The vigilantes had three men killed and nine wounded. Two horses were also killed and seven wounded. Sixteen stolen horses were recovered. Not one outlaw escaped alive.

—A wholesale lynching, such as was never before recorded in the history of the State, occurred Monday morning at Oxford, N. C. At about 3 o'clock in the morning three negros—Henry Tanner, his son John Tanner, and Alonzo Smith—were taken from jail by a masked mob and hanged to a tree in the suburbs of the town. The Tanners were in jail on a charge of murdering a negro some months ago, and Smith on a charge of arson. The mob, which was well organized, consisted of only about 50 men. They came stealthily into town, secured the prisoners, and took them to the suberbs before an alarm could be raised. The keys of the jail were taken from a drawer in the sheriff's office in the Court House, and the jail, which has street cells, was unlocked. There was only one man guarding the jail, and he was overpowered, and a policeman, who was taken in charge by the lynchers. The three victims were taken outside of the town and hanged on one tree and on the same limb. All three died by strangulation. Oxford has recently been the scene of several heinous crimes, and the people have several times recently expressed a determination to make an example of some of the offenders.

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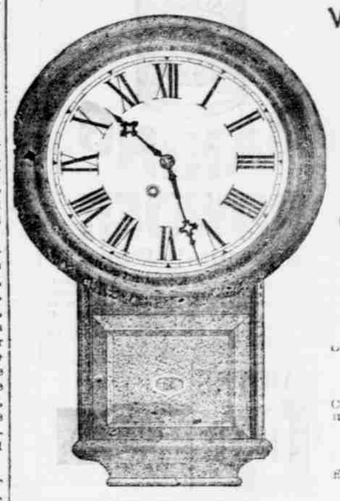

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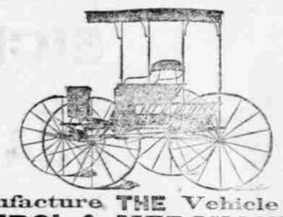
BUGGIES.  CARRIAGES.

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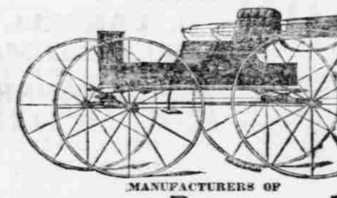
STYLE.  DURABILITY.

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 7, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—"Hello!"

—Our schools opened up on Monday.

—Our summer visitors are nearly all gone.

—Just received, 100 Irish horse collars at Hutton & Son's.

—The Westmoreland county Teacher's Institute will be held in Greensburg next week.

—John Morgan of the East Ward, has been appointed janitor of the Public School building.

—Hon. L. D. Woodruff, of the Johnstown *Democrat*, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Editor Schubert, of the Johnstown *Free Press*, is in town this week doing duty as a Traverse juror.

—Daylight is growing less every day. The days are now shortening at the rate of two minutes per day.

—Miss Maggie Deitz, of Pittsburg, is visiting Miss Maud and Mary Bender, of this place, the present week.

—Mrs. Sarah Roach, (nee Kane,) of Kansas, has been visiting friends and relatives at Loretto for the past month.

—Mr. W. A. Davis, of Altoona, has received the appointment of postal clerk between New York and Pittsburgh.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Horan, of Johnstown, are visiting Mrs. Horan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Blair, of this place.

—Misses Mary Scanlan and Blanche Hendrick their departure on Monday morning for St. Xaviour's Academy, near Latrobe.

—Mr. Alf. Evans, of Kane, Pa., son of Mr. Robert Evans, of this place, arrived in town on Sunday on a visit to the parental roof.

—Conductor Snyder is off duty for a few days, having sprained his ankle at Cresson on Tuesday last by making a misstep on the ties.

—Frederick Hart, who when a boy was a resident of this place, died at Chest Springs on Thursday of last week, aged about 38 years.

—Several fakirs with cheap jewelry were operating on our streets this week fleecing all who expected to get about $10 worth of jewelry for 10 cents.

—Allan G. Thurman, Democratic candidate for Vice President, passed over the Pennsylvania railroad on Wednesday on his way to New York.

—The owner of a drab overcoat was lost out of the coat on the streets of Ebensburg on Monday. When he turns up he will find the coat at the post office.

—On Saturday next the Conemaugh base ball club and the Ebensburg club will play a game of base ball in this place and it promises to be an interesting one.

—As many of our delinquent subscribers will be in attendance at court next week, we would be glad to see them drop in, settle up and pay a year in advance.

—Hon. Edward Callihan, it is said, will soon lead to the hymeneal altar a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Gallitzin, Cambria county.—*Greensburg Argus.*

—A black embroidered cashmere cape was found on the streets of Ebensburg one day this week, which the owner can get by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

—The telephone line between Ebensburg and Carrolltown was completed on Monday last and a talk between the two points free was one of the interesting features of the first day.

—The express companies have changed the phase of the liquor troubles at Lawrence, Mass., by announcing that they will no longer transport liquors of any kind to that city.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Hayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Mrs. Nancy Good, wife of Christian Good, of East Taylor township, and the mother of Mrs. Lewis Strayer, of this place, died at her home in East Taylor township on Monday last.

—Rev. Samuel Gilson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who during the war was a member of Company F 133 Regt. Penn. Vol., of this place, preached in the Presbyterian church in this place on Sunday.

—Strangers who visit Ebensburg are requested to carry lanterns or supply themselves with tallow candles, as they are in danger of coming in contact with the street lamp posts after sun-down.

—Twenty years ago Josiah P. Griswold, left Madison, Conn., with only $2.50 in his possession. He returned to that place last week in a private car. He now lives in Topeka, Kan., and is very wealthy.

—Mr. Sherman Evans, of Kane, Pa., son of Mr. David Evans, of this place, and who is a route agent on the Ridgeway railroad, running from Kane to Erie, is spending his vacation with his parents in this place.

—George Clark, who was convicted in the Greene county courts, in April last, of the murder and robbery of drover Wm. McCausland, of Allegheny City, in September, 1887, was on Monday sentenced to be hanged.

—The work of drilling in the Cherrytree oil and gas well was again resumed on Friday last, but about four o'clock Saturday the tools were stuck at a depth of 1700. The casing is now being drawn and the tools taken out.

—The Cleveland and Thurman club of this place will hold their next meeting at the Opera House on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock. Strangers attending court are invited to be present and hear the issues of the campaign discussed.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—Go to the Mountain House on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next to see Mr. Amos Sulka with his great line of clothing—he is the man to buy from for honorable dealings and satisfaction—now of the Economy Clothing Company, Johnstown, Pa.

—Mrs. John Neubauer, of Greensburg, with a party of friends, is stopping at the Mountain House, this place. Mrs. Neubauer was formerly Miss Alice Foster, and resided in Ebensburg some years ago when her mother was proprietress of the Cambria House.

—A new and most dangerous counterfeit bill is now afloat. It is a $5 silver certificate, check-letter D. The workmanship on the bill is almost perfect. The bogus bill that caught so many a short time ago was check letter A. A sharp lookout should be kept for the bills.

—Augustus V. Himstead, a well known resident of Altoona, who keeps the Railroaders Home in that city fell while passing from one car to another near Pittsburg and was seriously injured on Wednesday evening. The injured man was taken to the West Penn hospital.

—Burgess Richards scooped in several dollars in the way of fines for the borough treasury during the present week.

—Edward Bolsinger, son of Mr. Jesse Bolsinger, of this place, on Monday last entered St. Francis' College, at Loretto, for the purpose of taking a course in civil engineering.

—On the first of this month a law went into effect in New York State making it illegal to marry in that State without first procuring a license. The new law is similar to that now in force in Pennsylvania.

—A new two-story school house at St. Augustine, is completed and ready for occupancy. It is expected that Professor J. S. Foley who taught there last winter will be the first to wield the birch in the new building.

—Mr. John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill, who after the first Monday of January next will hang his overcoat in the Sheriff's office, and attend to the various duties that pertain to that important office, was in town for several days during the present week shaking hands with his many friends.

—A man who has tried it says that wooden posts treated as follows, at a cost of two cents apiece will last so long that the party adopting it will not live to see his posts decay. Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint, and put a coat over the timber.

—The Johnstown Octette Club, which gave a concert in the Opera House in this place on Tuesday evening, sang to a very small audience. Concerts seem to have no charms for the people of Ebensburg, and nothing short of an opera or a good play will receive their patronage.

—While threshing at the barn of Wm. Brawley, in Franklin township, Westmoreland county, a few days ago, the cylinder became so heated as to ignite the straw, and had it not been for the plentiful supply of water at hand and the vigorous efforts of those present, the barn would have been destroyed.

—Mr. Bart McCabe and his daughter Miss Christiana returned home on Tuesday after an absence of a couple of months, thirty-three days of which were spent in Ireland where Mr McCabe was visiting the scenes of his youth. Bart reports having had a pleasant time and his ocean trip seems to have agreed with him.

—Miss Mary G. Roberts, daughter of Mr. C. T. Roberts, of this place, took her departure on Monday morning for Columbus, Ohio, where she will visit her school-mate, Miss Ethel Russell, of that city. Miss Roberts will also visit friends in Urbanna, Xenia and Bellefonte, and will remain away from home about three months.

—The Democratic State Central Committee have directed 1000 meetings to be held on Thursday, September 27th, 1888, in the State of Pennsylvania. This will be the grand opening of the campaign in the Keystone State. Let every Democrat be revived and filled with enthusiasm to be followed by victory in November next.

—A grand pic-nic will be held in the Brothers' Grove, at Loretto, on Wednesday, September 12th, for the benefit of the Loretto Cornet Band. Dinner and supper will be served on the ground and a fine dancing platform will accomodate all who wish to trip the light fantastic toe. Everybody should attend and give the Band boys a lift.

—The Democratic Senatorial conferees, representing the district composed of the counties of Blair and Cambria, will meet at the Fitzharris' hotel, at Gallitzin to-day (Thursday,) September 6th. The conferees from this county are Messrs. W. A. Little, of Allegheny township; P. F. Kirby of Wilmore, and Edward McNeelis, of Johnstown.

—A man named John Yarnell was accidentally shot in the fleshy part of his left arm at the P. R. R. station about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon. He and another party were fooling with a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, with the result stated. Dr. W. B. Lowman dressed his wound, which is not serious.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Michael Underzook, a Hungarian, was killed by a falling derrick at Mapleton, Huntingdon county, on Tuesday afternoon. The unfortunate man was working on the new P. R. R. bridge at that place when the accident happened. He was recently employed by Messrs. Sparks & Evans, at Johnstown, to which place his remains were taken for interment.

—By a premature blast at the Collins stone quarries, near Bellefonte on Wednesday afternoon, Patrick Dillon, an experienced quarryman, had his left eye torn from its socket and the other eye injured so that it is feared he will be entirely deprived of sight. A finger on his right hand was also broken. He is about 45 years old and unmarried. One other man was injured.

—A Cleveland and Thurman Club was organized at Gallitzin on Friday last and about 150 Democrats enrolled themselves as members. After the organization of the club it was addressed by Hon. John S. Rhey, of Ebensburg and A. V. Dively, Esq., of Altoona. The club will be largely increased in membership and before the campaign ends the roll will contain at least 300 names.

—Bedford county has 631 pensioners, who are paid $21,707 quarterly. Cambria county has 484, who receive $14,168. The number in other near counties and the amount paid quarterly is as follows: Centre, 290, $10,737; Clearfield, 493, $13,326; Huntingdon 622, $18,373; Juniata, 221, $7,650; Mifflin, 369, $9,044; Perry, 335, $9,544. There are 728 pensioners in Blair county, who receive quarterly $20,353.

—The following named persons can each receive a letter by calling at the Ebensburgh postoffice: James Costillo, Mr. S. G. Dodge, Mr. Wm. J. Davis, Mr. John P. Evans, Mrs. D. E. James, Miss M. J. Jones (2), Mr. J. C. Johnson (2), Mrs. L. A. Hall (2), Mrs. May Pall, Horace Snodgrass, Miss R. A. Wilson, Prof. W. H. Veith, Miss Mythe Worts and A. J. Walters, Esq. Persons calling for these letters will please state that they were advertised.

—The shipments from the Cresson and Clearfield Coal and Coke company's mines at Frugality are now averaging 20 cars per day—10 of coal and 10 of coke. There is also shipped from the saw mill of the same company 5 car loads of lumber per day.—The capacity of the mines, ovens and mill are being increased, and ere long their capacity will be doubled. Already 45 houses have been erected for the accommodation of their 300 employes.

—A number of Pittsburg capitalists last week received a charter for a corporation to be known as the Ligonier Valley Ice Company, the capital stock being placed at $250,000. They will build several large houses about a mile below Ligonier, where they own sixty acres of suitable ground. A lake will be constructed for harvesting the ice. They intend to change the course of a mountain stream so that it will enter the lake. They already have houses there with a capacity of twenty thousand tons.

—The contracts for two of the new hotel buildings at Bedford Springs have been let. Yohe Brothers, of Monongahela City, will put up the two new wings which are to cost $35,000. One of them will be three stories high, and will contain the new ball-room, which will be on the first floor. The other wing will be two stories high and will have in it a large parlor and reception room. The stone work will be begun at once and the building will be completed by the first of next May. ●

—William B. O'Dell, a coal-bleak negro, astonished a Brooklyn police justice the other morning by speaking a rich Irish brogue. O'Dell says he was born of negro parents, at Ballysio, Wexford county, Ireland, and, not having been naturalized since his arrival in America, was still an Irishman.

—Between April 9th and June 30th, of this year, the United States Bureau of Animal Industry slaughtered nearly 10,000 suspected cattle in the district within a radius of eight miles of the new City Hall, Philadelphia, Pa. In the same time they have, in conjunction with the State, inspected 2,065 herds, visited 3,319 stables, inspected 41,067 animals, tagged 23,026 animals and have destroyed 13 diseased herds containing 150 cattle. Although it may not be generally known, the district has been in cattle quarantine since April 9th.

—The following Sheriff's deeds were read and confirmed on Wednesday: Joseph A. Gray, High Sheriff of Cambria county, to Thomas Griffith, for tract of land sold as property, of John Reese and Eliza Reese, for sum of $1,025; from Joseph A. Gray, High Sheriff of Cambria county, to Casper Leib and John Anderson, for a tract of land sold as property of Abram DeHaven, for the sum of $310; from Joseph A. Gray, High Sheriff of Cambria county, to Fred Eger, for a tract of land sold as property of Frank Burgoon for the sum of $25.

—An item is going the rounds of the papers that the juice of water melon will remove freckles. A young lady of this place read the item in a religious paper and tried the experiment, giving her face a thorough soaking before going to bed. When she got up she took a look in a mirror and was horified to find her face, ordinarily quite pretty, a mass of red blotches and pimples, caused by the poison in the water melon. She has not been out of house for three days and will be presentable in about a week from date.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—The opening of Frank A. Robbins' Winter Circus was a treat to circus loving people, and more than 8,000 spent their Christmas Eve in witnessing the performance. They were well repaid for their attendance. The program was replete without being wearisome, and the repaid succession of change of acts was in pleasant relief to the ordinary routine that attends a ring performance. The acrobatic exhibitions were really wonderful and novel, and the equestrianism is worthy of particular mention even in these days when comparative perfection in the art is so common. The aerial artists did some daring acts and the ring generally was excellent. The troup of trained animals showed much educational advancement and the menagerie, was in itself an interesting study.—*The Press.*—*Dec. 25, 1887.*

Court Proceedings.

Court met on Monday at 10 o'clock, with Judge Johnson on the bench.

George B. Stineman was appointed foreman of the Grand Jury.

James Myers and Porter R. Miller were appointed constables to take charge of the juries.

Commonwealth vs. James Myers. Surety of the peace. Annis Myers, prosecutrix was called, and the prosecutrix failing to appear, her recognizance was forfeited.

Com. vs. Andrew Slick. Surety of the peace. Defendant sentenced to pay the costs.

John Watt was appointed Tax Collector for Gallitzin township.

Dr. T. S. Troxell was appointed Tax Collector for Gallitzin borough.

Com. vs. Michael Hagan. Desertion. Defendant sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution.

Com. vs. Stephen Kish. Surety of the peace. Defendant ordered to enter into recognizance to keep the peace for one year.

Com. vs. James Nary. Surety of the peace. Defendant ordered to pay the costs and enter bail to keep the peace.

Com. vs. John Darney, Sr., Johanna Darney and Kate Darney. Surety of the peace. Defendants discharged and the prosecutor Elizabeth Berringer ordered to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Andrew Greenwood. Obtaining goods under false pretense. Plead guilty. Sentenced to pay the costs.

Com. vs. Carrie Peters. Keeping a disorderly house. Bail was forfeited for non-appearance. Jethro Oldham was bail.

Com. vs. Julius Steiner. Surety of the peace. Discharged upon his own recognizance to keep the peace and pay all the costs.

Com. vs. A. Williams et al. Conspiracy. H. Rabino, prosecutor. Continued.

Com. vs. Bridget Woods. Plead guilty to selling liquor to minors. Sentenced to pay all costs, $10 fine and ten days in jail.

Com. vs. James Hough. Larceny and receiving stolen goods. Plead guilty. Sentenced to pay the costs and six days in jail.

Com. vs. George W. Harding. Adultery. Jury returned a verdict of guilty. Sentenced to pay the costs, $25 fine and four months in jail.

Com. vs. Dan. Mangus. Assault and battery. Fanny Hoover, prosecutrix. Jury found a verdict of not guilty, and each pay half the costs.

Com. vs. Jos. Farshaugh. Selling liquor without license. Grand Jury returned not a true bill, and the prosecutor, A. A. Bennett, pay the costs.

Com. vs. Ed. W. Jones. Shooting with intent to kill. Raphael Byrne, prosecutor. Jury find the defendant guilty on the second count in the indictment, aggravated assault and battery.

Com. vs. Samuel W. Worrel. Fornix et cet. Settled.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Oliver Jackson, charged with murder, on application of defendants counsel, was continued until next term. The defendant was without counsel and D. E. Dufton and Alvin Evans, Esqs., were assigned by the Court to defend him and they asked for the continuance on the ground that they needed time to prepare for his defense.

Com. vs. Alfred Ashton. Cruelty to animals. Settled.

Com vs. Benjamin Newrel. Larceny. Defendant pleads guilty.

Com. vs. Mike Smith, *alias* Jos. Poalcblo. Larceny. Defendant found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution and go to jail for thirty days.

Com. vs. Charles P. Buchanan. Assault and battery. Defendant found guilty and fined $10 and costs.

Com. vs. Frank Broderick. Assault and battery. Defendant found guilty.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. J ames and W. W. McAteer. Loretto.

Not To Be Divided.

The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* of Wednesday morning contains a column of matter about the division of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny Catholic dioceses. Among the other things it says:

"On July 16th Rev. Father Kittell, of Hollidaysburg, sailed for Ireland. He is, or rather was, one of the principal advocates of the creation of two dioceses instead of one. Before he left he arranged to have cabled to him any information that might be received from Rome in regard to the question. If it was at all favorable, or if it left the matter in an uncertain condition, he was to go from Ireland direct to Italy and appear before the ecclesiastical authorities of the vatican. He had not anticipated that the advices would finally dispose of the case, and against him at that. Such is the result, however, and now Father Kittell, will be cabled by his friends not to go to Rome, as it would be of no use."

The *Dispatch* continues thus:

"This, of course, is a victory for the large and influential element who desire to preserve the integrity of the Pittsburgh diocese, for Bishop Tuigg is directly opposed to the movement to divide it. He is the man who, more than any other, restored the two dioceses to financial comfort after the consolidation took place in 1875. The church's finances were then in a deplorable state. His skillful management brought everything around all right. The reference of the whole matter now, by such high authorities, to Bishop Tuigg exclusively, is considered by his many friends as a neat compliment in recognition of his valuable services. Very few of the priests in this city have ever been in favor of the proposed division."

"It seems the Allegheny mountain priests, almost to a man, have been the chief advocates of the proposed restoration of the Allegheny diocese. They are scattered all over Cambria, Blair and Westmoreland counties. They represent a powerful following in the Catholic church. The Catholics were among the pioneers of the western slope of the Alleghenies, and Cambria county is now a stronghold of Catholicism, contributing 25,000 souls to the membership of Pittsburg diocese. The leading priest in this mountain region is Rev. E. S. Bush, of Loretto. Rev. Father Kittell was selected to present the case at Rome, personally if necessary, because he had been in the eternal city before, and was conversant with Roman methods. Rev. Father Boyle, of Gallitzin, and others in the same neighborhood were quite active in this matter.

"The papers they forwarded to Rome contained a statement of the condition of the diocese and the advantages they believed would be derived if the old Allegheny diocese should be restored. There are financial questions involved, such as contributions to the orphan asylums and other institutions, which led the mountaineers to believe they would get better attention if the diocese were cut in two."

Official Route to G. A. R. Encampment via Pennsylvania Railroad—Reduced Rates.

The Department Commander, his staff, and delegates will go to Columbus by special train of Pullman vestibule cars over the Pennsylvania Railroad, leaving Philadelphia as a section of Western Express at 9:20 P. M., Saturday, September 8th. The special will lie over at Cresson until Sunday at 2:30 P. M., when it will leave for Pittsburg, where the visiting officers and veterans will be entertained by the local posts. On Monday morning this special will be consolidated with the Pan-Handle special and proceed to Columbus. Members of the Grand Army residing on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad may join the official train at Altoona, Cresson, or Pittsburg. This train not only bears the distinction of being the official headquarters in transit, but its passengers will enjoy the honors of the reception both at Pittsburg and Columbus. The rates for this occasion are greatly reduced.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Sept. 5, 1888:

Charles J. Sharbaugh and Ellen Gertrude Glass, Gallitzin.

Casper George and Lizzie Westfall, Washington township.

Robert J. Hutchinson and Sarah A. Potter, Johnstown.

Bernard Dunegan, Clearfield township, Ella Gray, Rose township.

William S. Boyer and Amanda J. Goughnour, West Taylor township.

John Endler, Elder township and Martha J. Hammond, Ebensburg.

John Celszor and Mary Pollak, Cambria borough.

Frank Goetsel, Gelstown and Bertha Hilm, Johnstown.

J. H. Long and Sarah J. Boring, Jackson township.

Malachi Gordon and Mabel King, Pavia, Bedford county.

Francis F. Pfoff and Stella M. Beck, Gallitzin.

Joseph Swatwell and Maggie Berkeypile, Johnstown.

He is Coming Now.

Mr. Amos Sulka will be at the Mountain House in this place on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday next, with a full line of clothing, hats and furnishing goods—his line is far superior to any he has ever shown here before and any one in want of anything should call and see him on September 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th—now of the ECONOMY CLOTHING CO., Johnstown, Pa.

A Word to the Thinker.

If you are young, vigorous, full of life and health, you require no *stimulant*, but, unfortunately, we are not all so; then think, if depressed in spirits, if lack of ambition, if weak from disease, if lung trouble, if no appetite—what is best to use—Why, ask the Hospitals, ask the Faculty, and they will *all* answer that Max Klein's "Silver Age" Rye is the best stimulant in the world. He will also forward you six quarts of the best six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson or Overholt for $5.00, or $1.00 per single quart. His Wines are the purest, and for 75 cents per quart, you can rely upon any article advertised by Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny.

Send for price list. We ship goods, neatly packed, anywhere.

Aug. 31, '88. 1y.

Hay Fever.

I have been afflicted with hay fever from early in August until frost. My eyes would run a stream of water and I sneezed continually. I was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like a charm and I can say I am entirely cured.—Mrs. Emeline Johnson, Chester, Conn.

I have been for several years a sufferer from hay fever and severe head colds. I have found nothing that can compare with Ely's Cream Balm. I would not be without it for any consideration. It is simply wonderful in its effect upon the nasal organs.—S. A. Burtt, Wilmington, N. C.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed away from Glen White, Pa., about July 1st, a black cow with white spots, white belly, and "crumpled horns." A satisfactory reward will be paid for information of her whereabouts.

Address MICHAEL NAZENKO,
Kittanning Point, Blair Co., Pa.
Aug. 10, 1888.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, residing in Cambria township, on or about the 7th of August last, two spring heifers, one brown and the other white with brown ears. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

FLORENCE WILLEBRAND.
Ebensburg, Sept. 7, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, a. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and is well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 70 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.

MARY FUREY,
ANN FURY,
June 1st. Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of Albert M. Aunsman in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., on or about the 10th day of August, 1888, one brown-black cow, one white spot in forehead and one white spot on hip next tail, supposed to be six years old. The owner will please come forward and prove property, pay charges and take her away or she will be disposed of according to law.

ALBERT AUNSMAN.
Allegheny Twp., Aug. 31, 1888.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber residing in Carroll township, Cambria county, will sell at private sale the farm on which he resides four miles east of Carrolltown on the road leading from Carrolltown to Loretto, containing 160 acres, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon a two-story plank house and frame barn. A fine orchard is on the premises and the farm is in a good state of cultivation and is well watered. For terms apply to the subscriber on the premises.

JOHN HOGUE.

TRIAL LIST.

List of cases down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, commencing on Monday, September 3rd, 1888.

FIRST WEEK.

Gallagher et al. ..... vs. Durbin.

SECOND WEEK.

Miller ..... vs. Pringle.
Miller ..... vs. Stoltz.
Pfeffer ..... vs. Schmitt
Harter ..... vs. Westover.
Schroth ..... vs. Crook et al.
Boring ..... vs. Bennett.
Longstreth ..... vs. Johns.
Couch ..... vs. Edwards.
O'Connor ..... vs. Higgins et al.
Notley ..... vs. Kramer, Mann & Co.
Easly ..... vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
Donahoe ..... vs. Judy.
Same ..... vs. Scott.
Thomas for use ..... vs. Lloyd et al.
Coy for use ..... vs. Same.
Thomas ..... vs. Same.
Eger ..... vs. Leahey.
Snopes ..... vs. Johnstown Lumber Co.
Trotter ..... vs. Rhody et al.
Johnstown Milling Co. vs. Hanna.
Snyder ..... vs. Cambria Iron Co.
McNat'l Bank Alto'a. vs. Duncan.
Stabler ..... vs. Craven.
Peden ..... vs. Peden.
Melle ..... vs. Boyle.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.
Ebensburg, Aug. 10, 1888.

ST. FRANCIS' COLLEGE,
LORETTO, PA,
IN CHARGE OF
FRANCISCAN BROTHERS.
Board and Tuition
for the Scholastic Year, $200.
March 26th, 1886. tf.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.
THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

1794. 1883.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 27, 1882.

CURRY UNIVERSITY.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Over 1,400 Students Last Year.
Classical; Scientific; Ladies' Seminary; Normal; Penmanship; Music; and Elocution Departments.
Curry Business College and Curry School of Shorthand are separate schools, each having its own complete Faculty, providing the most thorough practical drill in its line obtainable.
Send for Catalogue of the Department you desire to enter.
JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Prest.
July, 27, 1888.-3mo.

ROBERT EVANS,

UNDERTAKER,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
and dealer in all kinds of FURNITURE,
Ebensburg, Pa.
A full line of Caskets always on hand.
Bodies Embalmed
WHEN REQUIRED.
Apr 30 88

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY.
(Refer to this paper.)
Rochester, N. Y.

WOOL! WOOL!
WM. MURRAY & SON want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either CASH or TRADE. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.
WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave.,
June 8th, 1888.-3m. Altoona, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED
To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established. BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.
Aug. 24, 3m.

R. L. JOHNSTON, H. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.
Johnston, Buck & Co.
BANKERS.
Ebensburg, Penn'a.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
ESTABLISHED 1888.
Carrolltown Bank,
Carrolltown, Pa.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.
General Banking Business Transacted.
The following are the principal features of a general banking business:
DEPOSITS
Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.
LOANS
Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.
COLLECTIONS
Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.
DRAFTS
Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.
ACCOUNTS
Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.
Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

WANTED--AGENTS
TO SOLICIT ORDERS
For our Choice and Hardy Nursery Stock Steady work for energetic, temperate men. Salary and expenses, or commission if preferred. The business quickly and easily learned. Satisfaction guaranteed to customers and agents. Write immediately for terms, State age. Address
R. G. CHASE & CO.
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Aug. 10-2m.

Important to Canvassers.
WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

WHAT AILS YOU?
Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?
If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.
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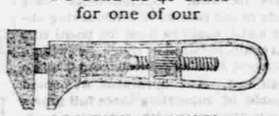
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The following method of Dr. Howard is used in New York harbor: Rule 1, Upon the nearest dry spot expose the patient to a free current of air; rip the clothing away from the waist and give a stinging slap upon the pit of the stomach. If this fails to arouse the patient, proceed to force and drain away the water which has entered the stomach, according to rule 2.

Rule 2—Turn the patient upon his face, the pit of the stomach being raised upon a folded garment, above the level of the mouth. For a moment or two make steady pressure upon the back of the stomach and chest, and repeat it once or twice until fluid ceases to flow from the mouth.

Rule 3—Quickly turn the patient upon his back, with a bundle of clothing between it so as to raise the lower part of the breast bone higher than the rest of the body. Kneel beside or astride of the patient, and so place your hands upon either side of the pit of the stomach upon the front part of the lower ribe, that the fingers fall naturally in the spaces between them and point toward the ground. Now, grasping the waist and using your knees as a pivot, throw your whole weight forward as if you wished to force the contents of the chest and stomach out of the mouth. Steadily increase the pressure while you count 1—2—3, then suddenly let go with a final push, which springs you into an erect kneeling position. Remain erect upon your knees while you count 1—2, then throw your weight forward and proceed again as before. Repeat the process at first about five times a minute, increasing the rate gradually to about fifteen times a minute, and continue it with the regularity of the natural breathing, which you are imitating. If another person be present, let him with the left hand hold the tip of the tongue out of the left side of the mouth, with the corner of a pocket handkerchief, while with the right hand he grasps both wrists and pins them to the ground above the patient's head.

After treatment—When breathing first returns, dash a little cold water in the face. As soon as breathing has been perfectly restored, strip and dry the patient rapidly and completely, and wrap him in blankets only. Give hot brandy and water, a teaspoonful every five minutes the first half hour, and a teaspoonful every fifteen for an hour after that. If the limbs are dry, apply friction. Allow an abundance of fresh air, and let the patient have perfect rest.

Avoid delay. Promptness is of the first importance. A moment lost may be a life lost. Waste no time in gaining shelter. When gained it oftener harms than helps the patient.

Prevent crowding around the patient. However difficult this may be, it must be enforced. Friends must not be allowed to obstruct the circulation of air, nor engage the patient in conversation when rallying.

Avoid attempts to give stimulants before the patient is well able to swallow. it helps to obstruct respiration and may choke the patient.

Avoid hurried, irregular motions. The excitement of the moment is almost sure to cause this in inexperienced hands. Just as a flickering candle, moved carelessly, goes out, so the heart, when its beatings are imperceptible, needs but little cross motion to stop it. The movements of rule three should therefore be performed with deliberation and regularity.

Avoid an overheated room, and avoid giving up the patient too soon to death. At any time within one or two hours you may be on the very threshold of success, though no sign be visible. Frequently success has been known to follow half an hour's apparently useless effort. Rest and watchful nursing should be continued for a few days after resuscitation, or various chest troubles may ensue.

The City of Siberia.

If I were asked to characterize Omsk in a few words, I should describe it as a city of 80,000 inhabitants, in which the largest building is a military academy and the most picturesque building a police station; in which there is neither a newspaper nor a public library, and in which one-half the population wears the Tsar's uniform and makes a business of governing the other half. The nature of the relations between the latter half and the former may be inferred from the fact that an intelligent and reputable citizen of this chinovnik denominated city, who had been kind and useful to us, said to me when he bade us good by, "Mr. Kennan, if you find it necessary to speak of me by name in your book, please don't speak of me favorably."

"For heaven,s sake, why not?" I inquired.

"Because," he replied, "I don't think your book will be altogether pleasing to the Government; and if I am mentioned favorably in it I shall be harrassed by the officials here more than I am now. My request may seem absurd, but it is the one favor I have to ask."

Kissing in Sweeden.

The most surprising freedom prevails among the lower classes, and, for that matter, it is openly hinted at Carlstead among the aristocracy as well, promiscuous kissing being indulged in upon every occasion, more especially at hotels, where it is expected that upon settling one's bill the chambermaid and waitress who attended the traveller must be both kissed before the entire company. This peculiar custom was trying to my companion, who upon every occasion chose rather to incur the displeasure of the young ladies than to sanction a practice that can lead to no good result.

THERE are persons who melt into tears of pity at the sight of sorrow, who suffer with the sufferings of others and rejoice in their joy, who are tender and gentle in their manner, showering kindly words and sympathetic greetings on all whom they meet, but whose benevolence ends just there.

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The Dismal Swamp an Eden.

The region of the Virginia Dismal Swamp, writes J. Boyle O'Reilly in the Boston *Herald*, was intended by nature to be a pleasure ground, a health resort and a game preserve for the eastern side of the continent. In spite of all that has been done and left undone to destroy it, the swamp itself is probably, the healthiest spot in America. The delicious juniper water prevents malaria more effectually and perfectly than the famed eucalyptus of Austrilia. The flying game of the continent centres in this region, and the lake in winter is the best shooting ground in the country. Now that wealthy clubs and individuals are buying up the coast shooting, this incomparable natural preserve ought to be secured for the Nation or the State.

Its original undoing was probably some accident or canaalysm of nature, changing a water course, or opening a crater-like spring or number of springs. But the remedy from the first was as open to intelligence as the tapping of a vein to prevent plethora. The lake, it is probable, was the center and the cause of the swamp, and is proved by the streams flowing out of, instead of into it. Its overflowing waters, when swelled by rains or springs, finding no natural channel of escape, rose foot by foot to the very lip of the cup, covering the beach and threatening the densely wooded shore.

In this way has been brought the singular conditions of the lake, which, instead of being the lowest, is the highest portion of the Dismal Swamp. It could be pierced and drained at any point, and reduced to natural and beautiful proportions. Its overflow, instead of constantly deluging the surrounding land, could be guided in 10,000 sparkling channels to enrich and adorn its wonderful environment. The Lake of the Dismal Swamp is, by survey, about twenty-three feet higher than the sea, and it is not fifteen miles from tidewater, the intervening land being a level slope, and, except for the trees, easy to channel. And, stranger still, the channels have been dug for over one hundred years, but they are locked up at the outer ends with wooden gates.

Curing and Keeping Cheese.

The stage at which to apply salt to the curd is a critical one in cheese-making, and requires a pretty accurate test to decide. There are several, the most certain being that soft peculiar feeling known as "velvety," equal quantities of butter and whey exuding on the curd being firmly squeezed in the hand; the response to the hot iron being the flavor of nice toasted cheese, etc. The moisture of cheese consists of the water of the whey still remaining, the essential and some of the volatile oil derived from the butter, and the butter fats. In a skimmed milk or very poor cheese the proportion of whey is large, and when it has passed its proper stage of ripeness part of it will evaporate and the cheese apparently lose its quality, though it is merely water it is loosing. In full milk or rich cheese the proportion is reversed, and the moisture being from richness the cheese will improve by long keeping.

Speaking generally, a cheese with little moisture is slow to ripen; with too much moisture, it matures too soon. To know the proper grist all through is the touch-stone of the cheese-maker's skill. If the curd is too moist it may be improved by using less rennet, or by keeping up slightly higher temperature, by breaking the curd finer before scalding, or by increasing the quantity of salt. A cheese, after being kept in the press for two days or so, should be neatly bandaged and removed to the cheese-room. One end is then rubbed with melted butter, the other similarly at the first turning on the shelves, a process which may be repeated with benefit. The cheese-room should be so constructed that certain and easy control of the temperature can be secured—about sixty-five degrees being the average desired. Overheating melts the butter fats, and they then become rancid and spoil the flavor of the cheese. Finally, turn daily and rub well; a good cheese should have its surface smooth and clean.

Reindeer Hair for Life Preservers.

Life-saving apparatus of reindeer hair has been contrived and successfully experimented with by a Norwegian engineer, it being proved that such hair is capable of supporting a weight ten times its own. Experiments were made in one case with a life-saving object which could be used on board ship as a chair, bedstead or couch, but which, in case of need may be converted into a small boat. This apparatus was found capable of supporting three full grown men in the water, although only intended to bear two. Another trial was with a suit made entirely of reindeer hair, covering the entire body except the face, in which a man floated on the water without having to make the slightest movement. It was also found wholly impossible to dive in the dress. A door mat made of this hair was found to support a man easily, although he was dressed in outdoor clothing. On comparing life belts made of reindeer hair with similar ones made of cork, it was found that the latter—a very important advantage to an exhausted drowning person when it has to be put on in the water.

THE quinine habit is gaining strength every day. Dizziness, that you hear innumerable people complaining of in in these days, can be traced to excess in the use of quinine. The good effects, that it is nearly always certain of, are lost by excessive doses. Too much quinine will also produce congestion of the ear and vibration of the auditory nerve. The growing habit of taking quinine for neuralgia and other like ailments, without consulting a physician, is altogether reprehensible and may lead to very serious results. Many cases of deafness are produced by overdoses and long-continued use of the drug.

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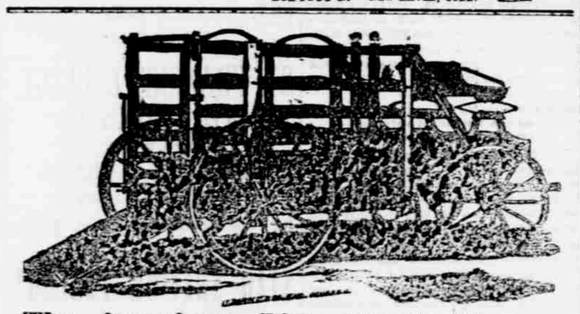

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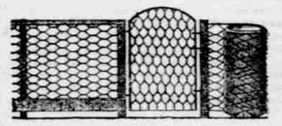

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Training Colts.

Three weeks ago I saw two men engaged in "breaking" a three-year-old colt to drive single. It had run wild up to three days before, when it was caught, a surcingle fastened around its body, a bridle put on, and a check rein drawn tight and fastened to the surcingle. During the greater part of those three days it had walked about the yard with its neck curved like a new moon, champing the bit in its mouth, and turning its head from side to side in vain efforts to ease its cramped neck.

The men now had it hitched to a heavy road-cart, and were giving it a course of lessons in driving. After a fierce struggle of about an hour's duration, it threw itself down, and there it stayed, despite all their kicking, slashing and yelling. They threw dirt in its ears, put pepper in its mouth, twisted its tail and poured water on its head, and tried everything they could think of to make it get up, but without avail. They were finally obliged to take off the harness and leave it lying there. A few days afterward I saw one of them driving it along the road at a rapid gait, and it was one of the most dilapidated specimens of three-year-old horse flesh that I ever beheld. One of the men informed me that they had it "pretty well broke," but it occasionally took a "spell" and cavorted about considerably, but a good dose of black-snake took the "tantrums" out of it, and they expected to make a good horse out of it in a week or two more.

A few days ago I saw another man training a fine bred, high spirited colt to drive single, and though it acted a little coltish and unsteady it was moving along quite nicely. I learned that it had been handled almost contsantly all its life, and it was accustomed to being led about, tied in the stable and to posts outside, and had been harnessed, saddled and bridled so often that it had not the least fear of either. It was one of those fiery, high spirited animals that make the best and safest of roadsters if properly trained, but which a little mismanagemant at the start will utterly ruin. It was in the hands of the right man, and will make a valuable horse.

Passing a farm house a short time ago I observed two boys having what they termed "some fun" with a young colt. They were teasing it in every possible manner they could think of, and though it could not have been over four or five weeks old, it had already become as vicious as a bad mule, and kicked and struck with its fore feet quite as savagely. It was learning lessons it would remember through life, and some innocent person will have to suffer for the foolish acts of those boys.

Every person who raises colts should remember that they are not playthings, and all who come about should be given to distinctly understand that no teasing or other foolishness will be permitted. Gentle fondling occasionally does no harm, and if the animal is high spirited is often beneficial; but under no circumstances should the young animal be allowed to take any liberties with its attendant. It should always be treated honestly and fairly, and it will acquire confidence in its attendant, and rarely, if ever, develop any trickery or viciousness of any sort.

A colt should be haltered when four or five days old, and tied to the manger or stall beside its dam. This is its first lesson, and the next is to be led. Have one person lead the dam about the yard and another fellow with the colt. When the mare is set to work the colt should be led to her whenever it is allowed to suck, not turned loose and allowed to dash at her helter-skelter. A colt that is taught to lead well is easily taughtto drive well when the proper time comes.

These first lessons are generally neglected because they appear so simple; but they are important because they are remembered, and often are the real making of a reliable horse. It should be bridled, harnessed and saddled while young, and then no trouble will be experienced in putting these things on when it is grown up. In fact, the first three years of a colt's life should be a period of easy, gentle training, so that when it arrives at an age when it can be made useful it is ready to fulfill its mission. Such a horse is really worth fifty per cent. more than one equal in other respects, that has grown up wild. *N. Y. Examiner.*

A Slovenly Housekeeper.

A man in New Jersey hung himself the other day because his wife was a slovenly housekeeper. What good opportunities millions of wives and mothers lose by not being in reality, as in name, the queen of their homes. Instead of being directors, they are boarders. They are comparative strangers to their own kitchen, and are poor instructors to the ignorant help they have often to depend upon to prepare daily food. Thousands of divorces have come from dyspepsia and disease, which would never have occurred had the wife and mother understood the responsibility of her position. If a man who is daily fed on bread reeking with lard and salaratus, and meats poorly cooked, and coffee which you could not tell from tea, or tea which makes one wish for coffee—if such a man don't lie, and steal, and abuse his family, he deserves credit. It is not a poetical view of life, but great men and good men require good stomachs for their best work. There is not a woman in the land who cannot learn all that will make her proficient as an actor or director in her kitchen in one fiftieth of the time that she takes to be proficient at the piano. How many thousand ladies especially in cities, seek excuses for not training their daughters in domestic accomplishment, though there is no incompatibility between the drawing-room and a knowledge of the kitchen? They are making grave mistakes, we care not what their position as to wealth and fashion, and, sooner or later, the bitter fruit will be matured. There is no mistaking the fact, that a mother who fails to educate her daughter as a housekeeper and cook makes a grevious mistake.

A CITY man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

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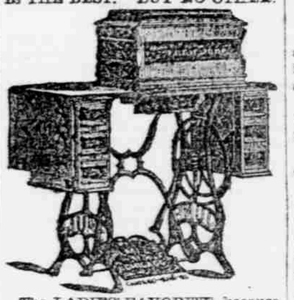

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A watering place—The hydrant.

A fish trust has been organized. It will doubtless get tetanite.

Fourteen thousand men and women earn their living in London with their pens.

Why is a wet nurse like Venus? Because he is ingaged to wean she.

A woman my not be allowed to be a Congrasssman, but she undersells out parliamentary usage all the same.

If you want to disprove the adage that figures won't lie, just go to a summer resort and see them lying in hammocks.

A Kansas salt maker has constructed a "Lot's wife" of his product and uses it as an advertisement to the Christian exposition.

A high-toned saloon in New York is enlivened by the chirping of nearly fifty canary birds. In most other saloons only swallows are seen.

Emin Bay is familiarly known in Germany, especially at Breslau and Berlin, where he studied medicine by the prosaic name of Edward Schnitzer.

A bismuth mine with ore assaying 50 per cent metal has just been discovered at Ingo, Col., and as the stuff is worth $2 a pound it is a find by no means to be despised.

"A sweet girl graduate" in Hemingford, Neb., lectured last season on "The Bright Possibilities of the Broom." She made a grand hit. Last week she was married to Mr. Broome.

A youthful applicant for graduation at Lexington, Ky., being asked the day, "What does history teach?" answered, "That the United States has never been whipped and never will be.

Under the laws of Iowa a railroad passenger who sticks his head out of a car window and has it knocked off by a switch bar is guilty of a misdemeanor and can be sent to jail for three months.

Irate Father—See here, sir, what does this mean? You said you were at the head of the class, but Mr. Pedagogue says you are at the foot. Lazy Son—Well, may be he counts from the other end.

Editor's Young Wife—My dear, you must pardon me for coming down in a wrapper this morning. Editor—Don't mention it, my love. Some of our most valued exchanges come to us in wrappers.

Railway Questions.

We glean from Thomas Curtis Clarke's article on "The Building of Railways" in *Scribner's Magazine*, the following answers to questions:

How many miles of railway in the United States? 150,000 miles, about half the mileage of the world.

How much have ehey cost? $8,000,000,000.

How many people are employed by them? More than one million.

What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in eighty-three minutes; one mile being made in forty-six seconds on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad.

What is the cost of a high-class eight wheel passenger locomotive? About $8,500.

What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe system—about eight thousand miles.

What is the cost of a palace sleeping car? About $15,000 or $17,000 if 'vestibuled.'

Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper.

What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated railroad, New York; 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.

What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About $30.

What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosac tunnel, on the Fitchburg railway (4¾ miles).

What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about $30,000.

Which is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver & Rio Grande, Marshall Pass, 18,850 feet.

What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in ten million. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

What line of railway extends furthest East and West? Canadian Pacific railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific ocean.

How long does a steel rail last, with average wear? About eighteen years.

What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, 4,225,128, in 1887.

What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, seven hours, thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1886.

Culinary Saws from "Table Talk."

All flesh is not venison.

Hunger is never delicate.

Turtle makes all men equal.

The knife doesn't make the cook.

Many dishes bring many diseases.

Even sugar may spoil a good dish.

Man's greatest enemy is his stomach.

Happy is he who has no friend to feed.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast.

A good dinner is better than a fine coat.

Two poverties will keep but a thin table.

Rich food and heavy groans go together.

Where hunger commands, valor must obey.

Never carry two watermelons under one arm.

Hunger's my cook and labor brings me meat.

The dinner ended we value no more the spoon.

He that's full takes no care for him that's fasting.

What's a joint of muttou or two in a whole Lent?

A fish in the milk is strong circumstantial evidence.

Trust the cat when buttermilk is on the top shelf.

LET your anger set with the sun, but not rise with it.